

SAURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1919

MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S THEORIES:

The Dead Live and Move In Our Midst; Their Desires And Thoughts Surpass Ours

By Marguerite Moores Marshall

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Is there personal immortality?
Do the dead speak to us?
What have the Spiritualists proved?
What can they prove?

These are some of the questions which Maurice Maeterlinck, poet, dramatist, essayist and mightiest mystic of them all, finds of such impelling interest that he has come to America to discuss them. Like Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and other intelligent moderns, Maeterlinck takes most seriously that emotional aftermath of the war, Modern Spiritualism. Before his arrival a friend said he would not have come at all had it not been for the opportunity to talk to Americans of "The Unknown Shore."

Maeterlinck, the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

Just what are the conclusions on the survival of the dead and their communication with the living reached by the man who is not only a writer of beautiful dream dreams but the scientific, accurate observer of the "Life of the Bee"? His first public utterance has yet to reach an American audience. But it is probably forested by two extremely interesting and timely chapters of his book, "Mountain Paths," newly published by Dodd, Mead & Co. and this book of his author to be issued since the war.

Toward the tenets of orthodox spiritualism Maeterlinck's verdict is the old Scotch one, "Not proven." That the voices heard by the consultants of the medium are the voices of the dead he is by no means prepared to grant. And he offers a clear and interesting chain of reasoning to show how absolute proof that the living speak to the dead is virtually impossible to obtain.

Yes, he believes in exactly the same immortality in which he had faith when he wrote "The Blue Bird." "We do not die," the grandfather and grandmother of Tityl and Mytil told them in effect, "so long as we live in your hearts, so long as you remember us." It is this faith which Maeterlinck sums up anew in "Mountain Paths" when he asserts that we are the mandatories of the dead.

"The dead live and move in our midst," he declares, "far more really and effectively than the most venturesome imagination could depict. Under the tombstones where we believe them to lie imprisoned there are only a few ashes, which are no longer theirs, which they have abandoned without regret and which in all probability they no longer desire to remember. All that was themselves continues to have its being in our midst."

"And their thoughts and their desires are always higher than our own. It is, therefore, by uplifting ourselves that we approach them. It is we who must take the first steps. For we can no longer descend, whereas it is always possible for us to rise; for the dead, whatever they may have been in life, become better than the best of us. The least worthy of them, in shedding the body, have shed its vices, its littleness, its weaknesses, which soon pass from our memory as well; and the spirit alone remains, which is pure in every man and able to desire only what is good. This is why, as we purify ourselves, we restore life to those who were no more and transform our memory, which they inhabit, into Heaven."

"And what was always true," continues Maeterlinck, "in a splendid tribute to the war's dead, 'is far more true to-day, when only the best are chosen for the tomb. Not one of them but has gone up, not down, to his death clad in the greatest sacrifice that man can make for an idea that cannot die.'"

"Our memories are to-day peopled by a multitude of heroes struck down in the flower of their youth and very different from the pale and languid cohort of the past, composed almost wholly of the sick and the old, who had already ceased to exist before leaving the earth."

"There are dead whose energy surpasses death and recovers life; and we are almost every one of us at this moment the mandatories of a being greater, nobler, wiser, and more truly living than ourselves. It is the first time, since history has revealed its misfortunes to us, that man has left so great a host of such mighty dead snoring above his head and speaking within his heart."

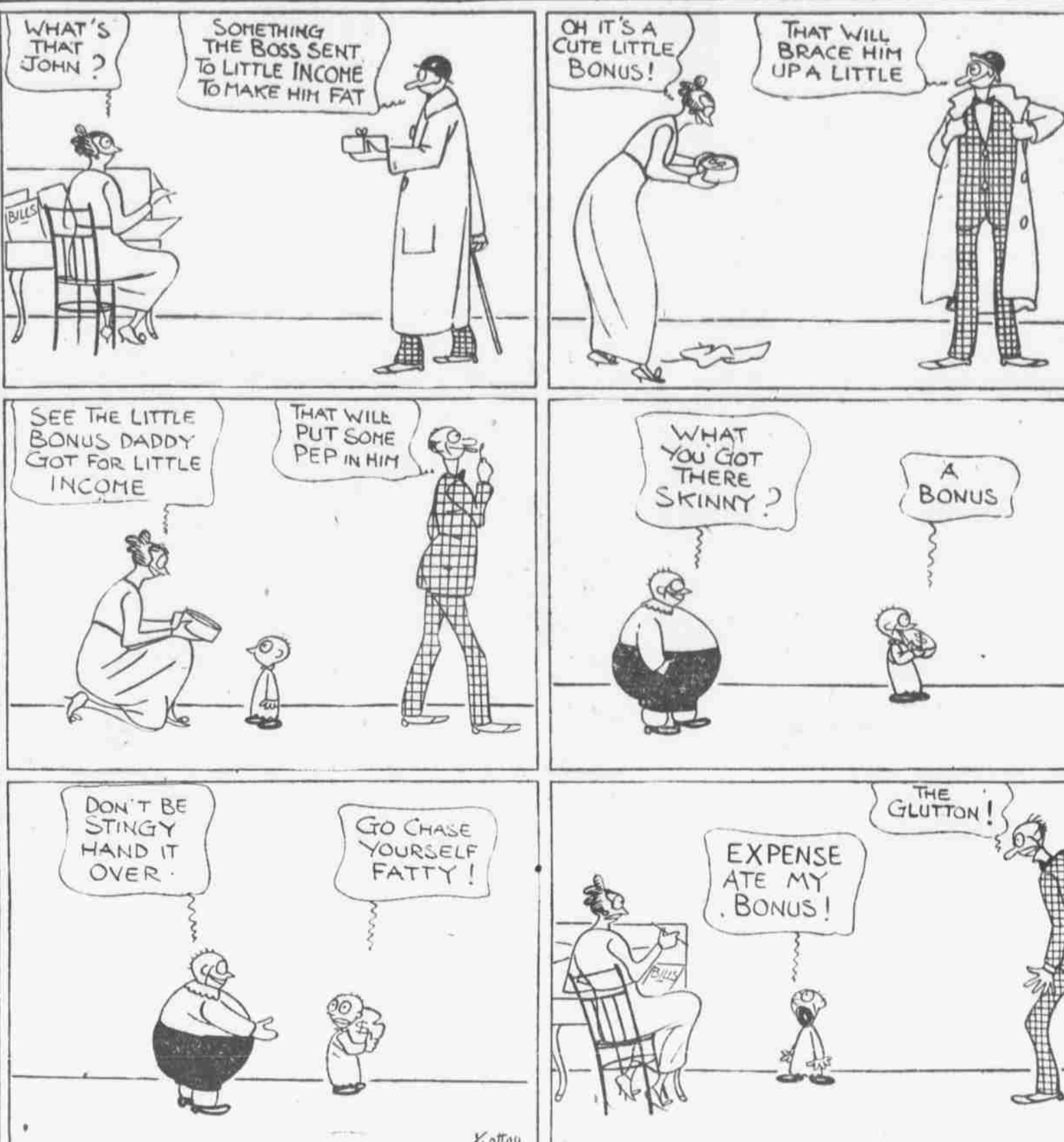
Nevertheless, in considering even the most remarkable incident in that Bible of the Modern Spiritualist, Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond, or Life and Death," Maeterlinck can but say "the intervention of the deceased should be admitted only in the last resort." He adds, with irrefutable logic: "Will any one ever be able to supply us with that compelling proof? What can the disincarnate do when trying to establish that it continues to exist? If it speak to us of the most secret, the most private incidents of a common past, we reply that it is we who are reviving those memories within ourselves. If it aims at convincing us by its description of the world beyond the grave, not all the most glorious and unexpected pictures of that world which it might trace are worth anything as evidence, for they cannot be controlled. If we seek a proof by asking it to foretell the future it confesses that it does not know the future much better than we do, which is likely enough, seeing that any knowledge of this kind implies a sort of omniscience and consequently omnipotence which can hardly be acquired in a moment."

Maeterlinck's conclusion is that though the spiritualist experiments do not prove the dead are able to mingle with us "almost materially," they prove these dead continue to live in us, not only physically, but mentally, personally and passionately than had hitherto been believed, and that in itself is more than we dared to hope.

Poor Little Income!

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By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Mr. Jarr Falls Off the Kindness Wagon—
but Climbs Aboard Again

DESPITE his resolutions for the glad New Year Mr. Jarr had lost his temper. He was in practice ahead of time not to let his angry passions rise in 1920. He had given up John Barleycorn by law, and now he was trying to give up the tempter of his temper by moral self-suggestion.

But a verbal passage at arms had taken place in the Jarr household the details of which would be too harrowing to the super-sensitive and the final words of Mr. Jarr culminated in: "And some day I'll go out and I'll never come back!"

It was not the last word, however, as Mrs. Jarr was still voicing the wrongs she endured as Mr. Jarr passed out, and the thought crossed his mind that she still was harping upon the theme as he rode downtown to work.

"That's what I get for being too good," was Mr. Jarr's mental comment. "If a man does behave himself and try to do right his wife isn't satisfied. She'd just as soon take you over the coals for a little thing as a big one. Doggone it! How did this last fuss of the old year start anyway?"

Quitting the Happy Home.

He could not exactly remember how it started, but he remembered how it ended, and he wondered to himself what would happen if he did go somewhere for a few months, only he could not afford it, or a few weeks or even a few days, and he would lose his job for that. Anyway, he did not know where to go, and furthermore, he did not care to go—

Here his reflections were disturbed by Mr. Stryver, his ponderous and extremely wealthy and also very stung acquaintance.

"Howdy, Jarr! Where're you going?" asked Mr. Stryver. "Just thought I'd run downtown," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Come and see the new quarters of our club," said Mr. Stryver in a patronizing way. He knew Jarr could not afford to belong to such a club and it might properly emphasize the importance of the rich man to take the poorer one through those palatial and stupidly dull halls. Besides, it would cost very little—as Mr. Stryver could claim he had lost the key to his jewel case, that is, his club locker.

The invitation did not appeal to Mr. Jarr. The thought of spending the evening with a dullard like Stryver grated on him in his present nervous condition. "I've a very important business engagement, but thank you just the same," he said.

"How's the wife?" asked Mr. Stryver. "Mine's sore on me about something. It's good to belong to a club in such cases. Ever been driven from home?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Jarr glibly. "Mrs. Jarr is the best tempered woman in the world. I can't make her mad."

The Cheerful Lyre.

Mr. Stryver snorted. "Tell me how you do it?" he asked. "This country is going to the dogs because the women boss too much! Well, they can't boss me!"

"I like to be bossed," replied Mr. Jarr. "Let them have their own way. It isn't worth fussing about and getting mad over. When they see you won't fuss there's no trouble with them."

"Well, I just got out of the house and stay out till I think my wife is in better humor," said Mr. Stryver, and he went to his gloomy club and scowled at the locker hounds who cautiously watched him take several solitary "hitches."

Then Mr. Jarr hurried home, opening the door of the flat he stepped in and remarked audibly: "Go as far as you like, you win!"

"Why, whatever is the matter with you?" said Mrs. Jarr mildly. "Whereas he insisted they go to the theatre, and off they went in high good humor. You never can tell."

After Christmas

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Good Will of Xmas Must
Extend Into Every Day

AND now that it is all over, and you are putting them away—the gifts—to whom or what are your thoughts turned? Are you disappointed that some gift that you had expected had not materialized? Has some one forgotten you, some one who you thought would not have failed you? In a word, you are disappointed.

Well then, just stop, look and listen at what is transpiring everywhere.

Go into the relief committee rooms and hear the cry of the suffering, the distressed, the destitute, over there. Their Christmas has held not only sorrow for the loss of dear ones who were in the thick of the battle, but whose problems right now are not of gifts, but dire necessities of life. Just you realize that children haven't clothes to wear and are wandering aimlessly in remote regions. Understand that old men and women have hardly enough warmth and food to keep body and soul alive. Look about in your own midst, and see the thousands, who although in a better and more prosperous country still have to meet trials and tribulations in the everyday grind—then you, who have failed to get the momentary thrill of some expected gift or some material thing, might well turn up your fortunate situation, and say, "I might have been one of all these sufferers."

But this is not all. It is not enough that you should comfort yourself, and ease your disappointments by comparison.

It is not enough that you should come to you by realizing how fortunate you are. It should bring something more. It should stifle all selfishness, and make you want to bring up to your own level of fortune, those who are so unfortunate.

A new year is beckoning—a year of reconstruction. Reconstruction to many people means Red Cross or the charity organization, or government legislation. In truth, the greatest reconstruction that can come is in the human equation—the relationship of man to man.

If the war has taught nothing else, it has answered strongly in the affirmative, the question of the age, "Am I my brother's keeper?" A more equitable adjustment is constantly demanded in these daily dealings. A more human element is entering into the everyday scheme of things.

And reconstruction means you, gentle reader, and all of us. The good will of Christmas must

extend into the everyday in order to get the "peace on earth" that we hear so much about.

The annual Christmas giving, with its regrets and disappointments, or its surprises and joyousness, must be extended through out every day in the year, if we are to get closer to the truest teachings of the Prince of Peace.

So keep no more over the dead ashes of yesterday, and the might-have-beens; let next Christmas find you not waiting over what you expected, but rather what you have failed to give.

I wonder if you have known what it means to go home some gray day—a day in which you have done some fine thing—some good thing, and re-

alize how rosy the glow is within, as you have thought it all over—that good thing that you have done.

Ab, there is nothing like it in all the wide, wide world—not all the gifts of the world can equal the sense of satisfaction that comes at the end of such a well-spent day.

If you give every day, some way, somehow, during the year, when Christmas comes it will find you not sorrowful that you have failed to receive so much, but at least some what satisfied that you have not failed to give your share.

Nothing material can mean so much, and every Yuletide will find you younger and better because the spirit in you have been kept alive with giving rather than getting.

SAURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1919

In Dear Old Cuba

Cuba Ain't Much as It Stands on the Map—Simply
an Island Surrounded by Water—But the Way It
Stands on Prohibition Is a Whole Lot Different.

By Neal R. O'Hara

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RUSH of the 1910s to Cuba proves it takes less than gold to make a thirsty guy migrate. Birds that are flocking to Cuba don't want any gold—they want to get rid of it. Reason they go to Cuba is the freedom of C's—champagne, cognac and cocktails. Prohibition in the U. S. has made Cuba more than a winter resort—now it's a LAST resort. Cuba is rainy for six months, but its wet season lasts the year round.

Cuba ain't much as it stands on the map. Simply an island surrounded by water. But the way it stands on Prohibition is a whole lot different again. If they took a vote on Pro in Cuba today, a majority would never be able to stand up. Not that the Cubies don't have their wets and dries. They do. Wets favor everything and the dries favor only martinis and champagne.

Twenty-five years ago when army blankets were all wool and \$1.25 apiece it was Spain that owned Cuba. Then came the Spanish War. It was a terrible struggle. The opera companies quit playing "Carmen" and the poets quit throwing the bull. Cervera's fleet was bottled up, which shows it would have been mellow stuff by now if they'd only let it stay bottled. The Maine was sunk in Cuba right after Maine had voted for Prohibition, which shows where Cuba stood on the booze question, even in those early days.

The U. S. got Cuba when the war was over. But, thank heaven, we gave it up! If we hadn't, Cuba would be dry now along with the rest of us. We gave Cuba a constitution without amendments. And to-day Cuba's a democracy, although it's not quite democratic enough to stand for Prohibition.

"Remember the Maine!" they used to holler twenty-two years ago, and they'd rush off for Cuba. To-day they try to forget Maine and the other Prohibition States. But still they're rushing for Cuba! The Rough Riders of 1919 are the guys that take the boats from New York to Havana. They'll follow their toddy anywhere.

To-day Cuba's a thriving winter resort. It could trade places with Greenland and still be a winter resort. For booze is the real Havana filler. Its principal imports are thirsty birds and its principal exports are U. S. soups. Principal industry is bookmaking, with the card of afternoon's races the six best sellers. There are more New York barkeeps in Havana now than there are Havana cigars in New York. Cuban weather is mild, just like its cigars, but it's neither the weather nor the cigars that draw. Leading sports of Cuba are the guys that bet on the races.

Yes, my fellow Americans, we saved Cuba! And now Cuba is saving US! It stands between Florida and South America, but it also stands between us and a terrible thirst. If booze is one of the rights of small nations, then Cuba's got plenty of rights and then some. And it should be tickled it ain't a great nation.

Cuba has a few American customs, as you'll discover if you try to smuggle stuff in. Cubies also like outdoor and indoor sports. They love highballs and baseball, although they don't belong to the league—not even the Anti-Saloon League. Cubies also love American money. All the saloons will take U. S. coins, but we WILL say they furnish their own mint. But everything's high in Cuba, from temperature to tables d'hotel. There's no change in the weather and no change when you pay your check to the waiter. Everything's wide open wherever you go, including the bellhops' palms.

Food in Havana costs like drink in New York. The only American that ever came away from Cuba with money in his pocket was Jess Willard. And Jess had to knock out a guy to do it.

Race suicide don't bother 'em in Cuba. If a guy picks the wrong pony and then shoots himself that's his own business. National anthem of Cuba is "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow you die." And to-day is always some guy's to-morrow. The Cubies are always raising cane, which explains their lovely sugar crops. But the only crop the Cubies show any interest in is the one that a horse jockey carries. And the dice shooters are the guys that put the cube in Cuba.

Cuba's also a land of lovely damsels. A brunette's as scarce as a temperance drink. But there are more dark damsels than there are dark horses, although they stand 50-50 on speed. All in all, mates, life on the island is a sweet proposition. The proof of the pudding in Cuba is DRINKING IT.

extend into the everyday in order to get the "peace on earth" that we hear so much about.

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ALPHA SMITH.

TALKS ON HEALTH AND BEAUTY

By Pauline Furlong

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Helpful Suggestions for Brunettes

IN recent articles I advised my readers that blondes and brunettes differ so greatly that it is necessary for each to follow certain lines of treatments for the care of the complexion, hair and body. Brunettes, as a rule, have skin and scalp well supplied with oil and the complexion is therefore

much easier to deal with than the dry, sensitive skin of her blond sister. While the blond girl's hair is her crowning glory I consider the eyes the most attractive part of the average brunette. She should, therefore, take great care of them, rest and bathe them and even try to "dress up to them." Colors which enhance their beauty and size should be selected and given daily attention.

Brunettes are inclined to be "livelier," which causes the muddy, yellow complexion. There consist of some special physical culture exercises which stimulate the liver and blood to action and also close attention to diet and general living conditions. Copious water drinking between meals, on arising and retiring, and the avoidance of heavy foods, sweets, starches and fats at all times will aid materially in keeping the liver in proper working condition, which will in turn keep the complexion clear and brilliant.

Soaps and lotions should be used in the bath which will cleanse the skin and scalp without adding an extra amount of oil to them and for this purpose sulphur or tar soaps are desirable. Frictions which com-

tain glycerine are usually found beneficial for brunettes toilet use, because glycerine itself is drying to the skin, as well as bleaching, healing and cleansing.

Heavy, greasy cold creams should never be used by brunettes with yellow, oily skin and coarse pores, as this will greatly exaggerate this trouble, and only cleansing lotions, or the liquid variety, or very thin cleansing creams of soap, should be used to clean the skin before retiring. In subsequent articles I shall outline a few preparations for cleansing greasy skin.

WHAT Do You Know?

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1. What President was nicknamed the "rail-splitter"?
2. In what city is the Smithsonian Institution?
3. How many members has the Supreme Court?
4. Of what country is the tomato native?
5. What former Tammany leader is now a British subject?
6. What state is known as the "Old Dominion"?
7. Who is known as the "Psalmist"?
8. At what Fahrenheit temperature does water boil?
9. In what well known card game is there always a "dummy" hand?
10. Who wrote the Canterbury Tales?
11. Who was given thirty pieces of silver to betray Christ?
12. From what city has Victor Herbert been elected a member of Congress?

ANSWERS TO YESTERDAY'S QUESTIONS.

1. Torrey; 2. Elijah; 3. Maple; 4. Adams; 5. Sulu; 6. Squadron; 7. John Cabot; 8. Alamo; 9. Robert Burns; 10. Stonewall Jackson; 11. New Orleans; 12. Sussex; 13. Belgium.